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# *The Short Stories*

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*2nd Edition*

*Sachiko Tamaki*

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\* All three stories are fictions.

“Heaven’s Breath” and “Daisy” contain shocking and obscene expressions. However, for the purpose to create fictional reality within the settings of the stories, those are not expurgated.

The associated people, locations and cultural specifications in the three fictions have no relation to the factual people, places as well as cultural specifications.

# Foreword

It has been more than half a decade gone by since the first edition, 'The Short Stories' was published, immaturity, such inchoate aspect that was not only in terms of writing skill, but also every matter of my life when my travel was just begun then.

Mise en scenes are of course marvelously resplendent as though idyll on the train views towards some attainable future, and exactly my recent achievement was 'Citadel' with gratitude for the tenderhearted destine, I have been given felicitous circumstances in where I have ever been to, to be known the outstanding consequence of civilizations, restorations and establishments thus brilliant culture and history of each country.

It can be that war and peace are well-nigh the infinite leitmotif of the world anyhow since when has the world been given the kaleidoscope, ephemeral graceful perpetuity?

Perpetuity? As the integral cohesion might seldom reveal the days until the alternative scope would be given.

For this second edition, some grammatical expressions as well as vocabularies were altered, several lines were added equally deleted without diminishing the nostalgic inherence that was certainly with me and the stories at the time of earlier of 2010's when "The train rattled on the way.."

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# Heaven's Breath

Soporific mist was always lukewarm for Helena, from somewhere cacophonous grumbles of motor vehicles and people's voices whether these were merely a figment of her dream that had yet continued in her slumber as the heavens were utterly genuine blue, transparent infinity as though there had been no time elapsed in a void, was she promised the copious tranquility that she believed in this sphere of her life every beginning of a day.

When she turned her face on the pillow and her peculiar joy as the diffident poignancy was imparted to the afternoon Sun if Arnold had been there.

However, the vivacious outside hinted of her tender fancy, for instance Arnold under the radiant buildings on the street, being surrounded by the people with their astute miens and square jackets, her brilliant idea was that their bowling hats would contribute to their skilled numeracy, the advanced hope than the previous years as it were she viewed the clock, it would be dallied until the evening at half past six for Arnold and Helena. Sudden exuberance awoke her, he would open the door of her chamber, and he would say, 'Can you play that piano for me?' Customarily in his haste, he wouldn't release himself awhile from where



he had been by then, albeit she would attempt to hook his coat and gloves on the hunger, he would do by himself.

‘Can you play that piano for me?’

He didn’t have a word except this, equally he so much loved the tune to be played on the piano than the gramophone still in silence, as a matter of fact all of them had been gifted from him.

After sunset, he was listening to it that was rather Helena’s unpronounced mind, and they were certain that the brothel was merely the existence distinguished under the isolated street lamp as it exposed the rusty memory on the asphalt.

Arnold lit the candles when the grey firmament was about to be imbued with the purple tinge, the venetian blind concealed the chamber from every part of lives.

The carafe of water on the bedside table had already lost the heat since the servant girl<sup>1</sup> had served it with the bottled lavender oil during the earlier hour, was it a little repentance to be embarrassed behind a piece of oval cotton...

No matter it was sorely their chuckles that were whiffed for the image of their shadows on the wall as a bird, ‘No, your index finger should be here and a slant of your wrist.’

She felt Arnold behind to draw the pinions, said he again, ‘Would you like to drive with me? Forthcoming weekends or holidays?’

For the dulcet strain of autumn air, she could go downstairs without a cape to have a brunch in the dining room even though her scarce appetite so to speak if there was one choice for instinct, it could be induced much than to starve, her furry steps on the carpet in elegant indigo toward the basement kitchen by passing the hallway, nobody was there to witness her in a velveteen robe, when she took a mouthful of croissant, it was dipped into a boat of fondue, the calendar on the blotched wood panel was October, then the ephemeral infatuation allured her, it was a whim of nostalgia for Arnold whose lingering human essence as though it was on the shabby diary, having ever been written by someone for the distant epoch.

Aroma of flowers, the merriment was the bliss of photosynthesis so that she opened the window, how would the breeze carry the whispers of the mannered town below, which were harmonized with the heavens where the celestial cloud lives? Furthermore what a rapport between the bouquet of orchids and a string of beads around her delicate neck as these were favorable for the hours!

She sat on the stool for the instrument and her graceful fingers were for her vibrant passion with the monochrome interaction to adore Arnold, she wouldn't be realized about the immanent spirit of melody until she heard the equivalent tune from somewhere as if it was the veiled communication like a dream or reminiscence of abundant nothingness in her slumber, she was toyed with the ensemble and repetitive summon of her reverie whilst it was faltered when Arnold opened the door.



It was during the next afternoon, her feet worn suede moccasins to trace the piano, the pulse of the city as if it had been reborn yesterday, and the passersby whom she glimpsed under her cloche on the corner of the narrow alley where she lived on the other side, there was a small pub, the piled litter buried the entrance, but she was not betrayed by the creaking door and the interior with the thrifty lamps, the man on the piano came to a halt.

‘Sorry, has it not yet been the time for me?’

‘Yes, it has been the time for you, but I can give you only a pint of beer.’

‘The piano, I want, I mean, I want you to play the piano.’

Vigorous flow of his hands, but the melody as the serene river that would never arrive into the sea as well as never release her mind.

‘May you love it? You also like this.

If there was a time when people had very strong power to overcome sadness, it would be this fortissimo stream, clear rhythm, mellow consonance, we are living toward the apex of cadence, don’t you think so?’ He asked Helena.

‘I think I want to live in where you have told me, am I allowed to be here again?’

‘Anytime if you like, I stay upstairs till the evening, I am Fred.’

On her return, the town smiled at her amidst the tenement block in ethereal peace, the isolation of the whore house was rather paradigmatic before she entered the place.

During the night with Arnold, the bottle of lavender was fallen on the floor.

Her wooly round skirt and laced cape in the morning, it was her exuberance on the mirror for the discovery of her own different aspect, she would be the foremost demeanor on the alley where there was the tattered door by the side of the pub.

‘You did know my place? Sorry, there is no piano, but ...’

Fred was yet on his bed, his nightgown gave her trivial pleasure no more than shyness while Fred was discontinued what he would say as the bell was tolled for the proximate diocese, ‘Ah ....? It seems to be all right.’

‘Not be all right, Fred.’

With her dimples, even though she didn’t have any idea when she had ever gripped mop and broom, the bottles of liquor, books and papers with musical notations, his room was cramped with such and such, she relished everything surrounding him, as she leant to the tiny window, it cooled down her rapture.

Many laughs and talks, she had a shower on the rickety tray, the scent of shaving cream on the washbasin that she would be certain on their bed.

‘Have you ever been to the war?’

She asked Fred as she found the smudge on his arm.

‘Yes, I was surrendered to a lot of deaths in the middle of my twenties, if I played a requiem for them, soon after all, we would reach where they are.’

‘Has it hurt you?’

‘Why you think so?’

‘... Is it for antiseptic, a whiff of this room?’

He softly embraced her with dissolving contempt of his own, ‘No, my darling, it may be for the spirit of bottles for my war as I did nothing for that.’

However, Helena had already been in her closed eyelids whether the pattering rain was faraway or merely on the puddle beneath.

‘Helena, you are Helena, you live in next to the street from my house.’ The voice was amidst the hazy air while she was waiting for her mother along side the tramway, but the guy under the awning called her, ‘Jove so lovely! It is first time for me to look your face in just a proximity, but sorry for that, if it is the last for me, I got the conscription bill today.’ And he picked out the minuscule phials from his purse, ‘Helena, my darling, listen, please hide one of them in your father’s drawer and another you should keep it. These are nothing wrong, you know, but if... If you were to detest this world more than your happiness, you would take this.’

He disappeared, but instead the ceiling of Fred’s room was above her as the surreal continuity of her dream.

Although the guy with the phials was out of her memory, the fire on the hearth, eight years ago, it had been surely lit by her father in order for his bundles of files to be gorged, “... Wherefores of the prudence for DORA...”<sup>2</sup>

The ominous echo in chilling darkness moreover the oil lamp was not enough to find Fred, but ditzzy pandemonium from the pub told her about him whom would be there, was she aware of a fillet of haddock and a slice of bread on the table, she obtained the clumsy way to the underfloor.

‘Welcome! My darling, Helena, guys, please cheer your toasts to Helena!’

His voice exceeded the gramophone, the pub was filled with the people whom sang and danced around when Fred reached the zenith of his excitement, he pounced on the stool and revealed the trace of his wound, ‘I got this during the battle for the bullet that slashed my fresh, but my grenades hit dozens of our enemy.’

Rancorous applause from the audience, after all Fred plunged for the piano with the woman of Helena's age whose shoulder was swaddled by him, he played the tune with one finger, pecked at the keys that dismissed Helena, 'It is not for the war.'

Immediately to leave the place, but she was interrupted by the gentle voice, 'Excuse me, madam, if we are granted your concession, we will be grateful, we beg your awareness, regarding the restriction on abortion.'

The dwarfish guy suggested the petition with his stout arms.

The forlorn path to the house, the night was ahead of the chilly season somewhat interrogated her for such as the stores, even the railings as though they were all within the predestined endurance, and her intuitive glance at the passing cab, the newlyweds through the side window that was lingered until her return to where the fatigued luminescence exposed the emptiness of her room, but the diminutive retreat of bedspread, it would be by Arnold, perhaps the vestige of his farewell.



Would it be a reprobate temperament of one afternoon in the flurry air or a figment of her dream? It was the evocative adagio to beguile her into the alley, her suede moccasins were for her downy steps not to be disturbed for this occasion as the entrance of the pub had already been cleansed.

‘It’s not the time for my piano, but I am writing for you.’

‘Would you be with me for tonight?’

‘If you stay with me.’

When Fred uncorked a bottle of red on the counter, it was utterly idiosyncratic disposition being cast by the dusty ray, correspondingly her uncanny whim as though the bottle was instilled in mighty life then, but Fred, ‘Bestow me for minutes!’

He left to the upstairs for the unnoticeable influence on him.

And certainly there was the tiny phial in her pocket, she saw him coming back to her, took the stem of glass simultaneously her lips on the rim nevertheless his power to persist in her glass, struggled to whisper, ‘Thank you, Helena.’

For a new day after a new day, the noon day was adorned by the euphoric Sun, especially the central river of the city was arched by the capacious bridge as the balustrade was for all to spend a break with the Dailies, of course that the article about the man's body in the pub was on the edge of their eyes though, how would they be known about his peaceful rest? His bruised forearm by needles and syringes, exactly a death was shed under the superb light to show the headline, "Shoot up, Fuel stocks!"

Therefore his soul came to the crown of his exultation, Arnold with the folded paper in his hand, strolled along the bridge, halted that his head was propped by his elbows on the support, "Shoot up, Fuel stocks!"

He read it again and again as it went more than double and triple of his shares without notice for his benumbed arms, but his effort, it was culminated in the released Daily into the river, which was the falling bird despite of the liberated wings until it was laid over the water.

Thumping of his heart, explosion of tears well-nigh his roaring weep, it was as though he was scorched from head to heel by insurmountable lamentation, and everything from his stomach was hurled, the dirt would abide by the prey, "Missing lady from the brothel"

With the current of flow, but the old phial was still in the depths...

(Footnotes)

1. In the ancient period, they were originally called the water boy (girl) for the place of prostitution.
2. The Defense of the Realm Act in 1914.



# Riddle of the Lake

The miracle of our small village, Isaac's haberdashery, his grandson, Douglas rushed into the store after his delivery to Mrs. Doris whom lived in next to me, but crashed into the case, something was thrust away, he apologetically touched the display and was astonished to turn back despite that he was deaf, the bespattered buttons as the golden butterflies and pink primroses on the hills or the sparkling jewels over the concrete floor, exactly it would be a miracle of the haberdashery at the corner of the street.

I tried to help Douglas, but Isaac, 'No, Nancy, let him settle them!'

'Hullo, Nanzy!'

Douglas hunkered down and began to pick them up simultaneously he examined through the button holes as a telescope such as the colorful spools, ribbons and sheets of felt, these were as a magic castle, he was jubilant for it.

'Don't dawdle Douglas, you have prodded the button case just before!'

The owner's grandson had difficult illness since he had been born, his part of brain to keep what he had learnt so far almost didn't work at all, my father, Hubert once had talked about him, "It is called amnesia, and

hippocampus, it is broken...”

Whenever I tried to remember such difficult words, I always conjured up hippos that were marching, but I was not sure why it was flown in my brain.

‘Dankyu Nanzy!’

When I crammed what I bought for my elder sister, Amanda into my bumbag, which made a little chortle as I pushed them quite hard, Douglas’s courtesy was followed, but he was never with me out of the store except Amanda’s visit, since he would accompany her on her return until she would be safely into our house so to speak it had already been a big scandal in the village, but nobody recognized what they would be talking about indeed for his limited ability of language, how to speak, how to write moreover Douglas’s clock was only the Sun and the Moon, meaning his spool in his head was not the one string.

Although my mother, Lisa called Hubert a quack, there was no doctor but him whom could maintain the best condition for Douglas, then my image, the parade of the hippos was added the white duck with a typical bowtie, the clumsy steps next to the trudge.

I wished that my sister and Douglas would be someday as the couple on the Times Magazine, the pomaded gentle man in steel blue Levis and the curly haired lady in her velvety dress on the convertible Ford-car, of course I had ever interviewed Amanda, “What are you talking with him on the way?”

“Nothing or about my study, favorite meals etcetera... He has never been bored with what has been the same every time, for him, our routine is utterly adventure.”

Routine! I could declare that such routine would be absolutely different for each person in the village, I and Amanda as well. Every morning, my sister carried a pot of porridge to Hubert's clinic behind our house and she helped his practice until the middle of afternoon.

I saw the relaxed patients with Amanda's smile under the trees, surrounding the entrance much than when they had come there so that Hubert assured her future to be an excellent nurse, 'Amanda will be with a doctor as her husband, but Nancy is going to be with her husband as a wife.'

'If I marry with my neighbor, you can save the marriage budget because I will borrow the wheelbarrow from Ryan's bakery to carry my things.'

It was when I was preparing the porridge, it began to play the rancorous polyphony, beating drum and sudden cymbal consequently the unfair apportionment of honey for my palate, which I gave up, telling Lisa, 'I will have lovely batting without a meal, but I promise to reboil it later.'

'Not the baseball, Nancy, play the cricket!'

Lisa's wit explained why the people told us that I would be like mum and Amanda would be like Hubert.

Anyway my leather glove was with a big big thumb for our game in the small park of the mountain where I swept up the steep meander, but for us the place was as the stadium with the spotlights, perhaps my home run by the jingly echo on the wooden stick, the ball would reach the airplane, say "Hello", and Babe could find it after his nineteen-twenty-six series.

One day, I was absent from school, believing that Babe would visit me from USA, but I didn't know whether I was waiting for the legendary hero or my classmate Fergus.

And the next day, Fergus was terrible, he said, ‘I will tell Mrs. Clare about your truancy.’

‘If so, I will be on home for Kevin’s team.’ I retaliated.

To tell the truth, I attempted to baffle him by revealing his secret to all classmates, in fact Fergus was obsessed to overcome Kevin’s pitching, yet at the moment something suspended me to do so, I would rather preserve our beautiful picture, what was something? For instance, the people of bygones on the sepia photographs, they were with shining grins as well as Fergus’s murmuring after all, ‘I was worried about your absence...’ Notwithstanding our class newspaper that had already obtained the scoop about Kevin’s third strike-out from Fergus with the snapshot, Janet leaping to hug Kevin and when I had been in the box for the next, my home run against Kevin.

“Congratulations!” Jubilant Janet had embraced me in almost crazy.



The hue of firmament was changed into gray and we began to consider about the wider relation of matters beyond our world as children, blue and sunset were tied together and we needed a cozy supper at home, with one more friend by the side of lake.

‘Douglas, let’s go down the path, Isaac is waiting for you!’

The evening was immediate as his fishing was after his delivery for the haberdashery around the neighbors, even though all trouts would be much clever than him, was it utterly out of expectation of the birds that surrounded him, their mind would be the equal permanence to him.

While my ideal would be fulfilled why Amanda’s contribution to the charity bazaar of the summer festival, the final anniversary for her before her departure to the medical college in the city to be a nurse. She would be not only for our harvest and blossom as well as not only for the people whom wouldn’t have yet selected the suitable vase mats, but also it would be for Douglas in the lake nevertheless she said, ‘Waters and birds are wonderful for flowers, so I will make the aqua blue crochets with the patterned finches on them.’

It was on that week as soon as I found my sister with bags of yarn from Isaac’s store and his concession to sell them by less than “factory’s price” I was excited to mention, ‘I should have been in the factory to dye them.’ Our boisterous applause invited Hubert to the living room, in truth the bazaar for the year would be taken place as the medical charity thus our father would be one of the leading figures of the event.

Amanda's repetitive work for double stitch and chain stitch to make the V stitch, every day, every night until the forty mats were completed, her stitches were in blessed destiny for her imaged shape to be emerged, the wings of finches were delicate to bring the tender breeze to the village, all people would feel it and we clasped our baseball caps so did Douglas for his sunhat.

However, in the evening, Amanda didn't have dinner, I opened the fridge, the thrifty light leaked through the dim kitchen, which reflected to our vivid mugs, and I remembered that Isaac's haberdashery didn't have enough space for the vase, not like Mr. Basil's newsagent whose porch was for his family.



Amanda's double stitch and chain stitch!

The rhythm was as though hooped around on the day of festival with the stalls, the fairy cakes from Ryan's bakery, the sizzlingly fish & chips and bottles of beer from Mr. Basil's store, the luxurious displays of vegetables and fruits, they were a stream of lime or fuchsia or tomato faced tomatoes, making up their faces, sharing sunlight with music on the stage, I was exuberantly proud of my sister and her assistant, Mrs. Doris as their stand was full of cheerful customers for the appealing mats furthermore Hubert had just finished his speech.

'The highest achievement of medical practice is to give all patients necessary pleasure as we are enjoying today under the clear sky, and they also look up the sky without pain and agony, my sincere appreciation to all participants is for your support for what we haven't yet accomplished, thank you for your respectable souls and our glasses are for health, harvest of all being on the Earth!'

The champagne flutes had been tinkled for the clinks and the coral sparkling had accentuated the sparkling applause, his colleagues were from the neighboring towns, their unbuttoned jackets and creases, their cheeks were slightly tinted for the toast with their families, it would be seldom opportunities for them to be in such relaxed joy.

'Miss. Goswick.'

'How do you do, Miss. Goswick?'

I was sufficiently busy to curtsy to them instead of my sister, and Janet was excellently busy to curtsy for the circle as she was the best dancer in the park, very much of course, for rigaudon, spin and spin, her steps were distinctive, 'Hooray!' Whenever she proceeded to the turns, her knees were arranged, 'Hooray!'

Though I expected Fergus to be mesmerized into my flared dress and decorous curtsies, I found him among the enthusiastic spectators for the

dance, I stood beside him with a plate of chips as Mrs. Basil's sauce had a fantastic flavor of guacamole, but anyway I was not like Janet moreover I didn't miss Fergus's sight when he glanced at her as she clapped her hands, I talked to myself, 'Would you mind if I have beer for my throat?' Promptly Lisa approached me then, 'Nancy, our thirty mats were sold out for half an hour, what does it mean, my honey?' I looked at my sister whom had already been with carrots and cabbages for the next stall, as Lisa's apron had the trace of soil, she would be with Amanda, but she frown a bit when Issac came to us.

'Where is Douglas?'

'He has been in the lake as he has forgotten about today.'

'Hubert will worry if Douglas enters the wood house.'

She was talking about the unoccupied wood shack alongside the main street, and Fergus glimpsed my face, presumably for the piled comic magazines there, 'We will find Douglas, not by Dad.'

No matter Douglas was given Ryan's cake in the evening, the sugar beads on the whipped cream as my wish that the cake and moonlight would promise his sweet dream for the night.

Precisely the ten vase mats were kept by Amanda as a gift to the ones whom had been impossible to purchase her craft in place for their work, 'Thank you for the day!'

For Hubert's office, Edna's entrance hall and so on.

I was in Isaac's store for her September, she would set what I bought in a suitcase, and the owner was pleased to inform me, 'These days, many customers order the specified goods to make the same mats as Amanda's, but the aqua yarn is not here until the winter.'

'She leaves our home at the end of this month.'

'Tell her, just come here to say good-bye!'

As I closed the door of haberdashery, I was in a little sad for the upcoming day, it was my first time that I felt so.

And the summer was the transient reminiscence when the Station Street led the villagers to the city, the train came into the platform, it gradually went smaller and smaller with my sister, leaving Hubert, Lisa and I as it were the finches trilled somewhere in the mountain, surely I heard them among the file of people whom left the station in the early morning.

There was no change of my new class at school, but I got the habit to glance outside through the window many times during our lessons as Douglas's delivery was recognizable from my position, since Mrs. Clare had eventually separated my desk from Janet, and Fergus was at the corner behind whereas Kevin whom would have a myopia, wouldn't he? However, more than everything, it was absolutely the latest of our days for Douglas, to wherever he delivered the orders, Amanda's vase mat was caught in his sight, next to next, again and again, as a result...

‘What ez that?’

‘Why ez that?’

‘I zee, I wil azk Hamanda zumorrow.’

Indeed “tomorrow” was always fresh for him thus there would be no such tomorrow besides Amanda hadn't already been in the village nonetheless it was turned out to be by our neighbors' fellowship that my sister's mat could be remained in his head, needless to say I decided to accompany them as the one finch was kept in her drawer, for the time being, Douglas got to be only ‘Hullo’ and her craft became an accustomed existence to our comrades as well.



Amanda returned to our house during the summer, Hubert's clinic was overcrowded with whom to approve her white nurse wear, it was a memorable portrait of my family that I witnessed in every vacation period until the year when I became nineteen, and the finches in the mountain crooned on my departure as what so ever.

Janet had promised me to send the letters because she would enter college in the capital for her impulsive wish to learn about nutrition, she had said, 'I will be glamorous Monroe!'

And what a coincidence! Kevin had been scouted to be a professional baseball player and had left to where Janet would be struggled with the vitamin charts.

After I graduated my college, I and Fergus often watched Kevin's game on TV, I was perturbed if Janet rushed into Kevin to hug him in the stadium that was filled with millions of spectators, but Fergus all at once he did say, 'If Kevin gets third strike-out, I will make proposal to you, Nancy, I have already informed him about my intent.' Terribly enough, Kevin's tension was entirely devoted to his pal's luck, but the camera zoomed up his face, reflecting his nervous anxiety.

I resigned my job for the accountant office to marry with Fergus and returned to the village during the summer, but it was not to borrow the wheelbarrow from Ryan's bakery.

Mrs. Doris and Janet's parents, all of them greeted me with the tattered vase mats in sepia, 'Great darling, Nancy, welcome back to our place!' I kissed them, curtsied to them, and I went to the lake.

Douglas sat by the side of the water next to our old field, with his sunhat and loose jacket, he was hanging down the fishing rod, there would be still no trout to be caught by him, but many little birds surrounded him for the unobtainable reward as ever.

I was unable to give a word to him because there was nothing continued

for him and at this moment for me as well, but I was gradually brought back to the old days, Kevin's whirling pitching and slender Janet running towards me with the actresses' smile on the billboard, "Nancy, Nancy, boys have got the bundle of magazines in the wood shack! Move on before they hide those!"

The cabin had been demolished, but if it were to suddenly appear as a mirage, our exuberance for the vivid cartoons, dream and sarcastic thrill for the future.

'Hou es Hamanda?'

By all means it was to be gratified as a finale of the miracle of our small village, Douglas began to talk with Hubert without knowing about Amanda whom lived with her husband and children, he was a physician in the distant city.



# Daisy

## <I - Substance>

Sullen hours were elapsed while he was waiting for the reaction, certainly it would happen again, and he actually witnessed it as though he had for long been dallied until the moment since his childhood, the crest of life, there would be for all.

The two beams exhibited the complete linear vectors toward the predestined integration to obtain transmutation that the digitized figure on the screen surged beyond common belief of the law of molecule, upstream boost then stopped.

Mr. A whose long white gown in his middle thirties, how would he be ascertained about the extraordinary digits for the synthesized mass of noble gas more than three times of uranium? It was imaginable the structure of electrons as a beehive, 'Tender honey will coagulate for me!' Although the cacophonous orchestration of waves that would be analyzed on Cartesian coordinates for the oscillation of atomic force to be increased, exactly on this Earth, the potential existences are simply three, solid, liquid and gas thus it would be that the stable configuration of

substance at the peak of mass by means of entropy, it would suspend the gradual decrease of indication as he was imposed it on the monitor.

Mr. A was alone in his laboratory and he was slouched on the chair, since he was to acquiesce, the end of his assigned task, in fact he was not allowed the access to the other labs in the building to involve himself in the further progress.

The sandy residue of soaked asphalt, it was humid after rain, he was assured that he would spend a habitual spree henceforth when he crossed the street among the intensified crowd before Christmas Eve.

The window shade was released to the noon ray in Mr. A's bedroom, he opened the fridge, a dry taste of smoked chicken, splashing can of beer with the bubbles on the rim that triggered his embarrassment if he put back the tab, it would be spoiled nevertheless it was returned to the chilly rack for him to take out the blister pack from the shelf.

He called it simply a tablet, the ellipse on his palm rolled a bit on his tongue to be absorbed into the duct of his throat, immediately his blood pulse was quaked with remarkable excitement for approximately forty five minutes, the euphoric hour promised him a wonderful scratch of second hand on the clock, his pleasure, how magnificent his life was! Furthermore the ejaculation of his penis was not settled until a box of tissue was emptied after all serene fatigue ushered him to be a doze.

Indeed his flat room, it was the undemanding sanctuary, the thrifty amount of furniture contained all commodities inside, there was nothing on the wall and the carpet had the brushed appearance, especially the bedding was skillfully arranged by himself, reflective bedspread and whiffing valance, evocative of his childhood, his mother used to say at hotels, "This will be a good stay!" Or was it a string of daguerreotype in his memory, "This will be a good stay!" Celestial nostalgia... His cloudy sense...

The creator of small medicine was called Old Guy whom Mr. A had visited during the final month of a year, the man's age nearly seventy years old had ever got the appellation for that reason, he lived in his own building with many laboratories over the wide acres in suburban area, and his clients were invited to the entrance by the intermingled electrical cords in the context of sky as these were distinctively formulated each other subsequently the living room, the arrays of phials and equipment were consistent with the clinical fragrance from him, tall, his gentlemanly roughness and some eccentricity would be for his longevity, and he would begin about his tablet, 'Amphetamine and cocaine are king and queen and

opium is the high priest. If they tame the minstrel, it sings a song for their dream at night.

The three in the castle work together, but not concurrently, it is the federation.

You know, the king loves the queen thus he firstly eats the carrion and next is the queen whom tastes it.

Do you know the minstrel's song for tonight?

No, you never know it because nobody knows except me, what is the best depressant to be mixed for the elated nerve to go down and down .....

Though it is easy to climb up the ceiling of dine hall.

I am sorry to say for the undetermined abyss, but my farmers have been dealing with the artificial soils for opiums, coca trees and so forth, but it doesn't mean that I have forgotten the wheat for my Daisy's bread.'

Daisy was Old Guy's adapted daughter, apparently she had just started her college, and on that day, Old Guy had told Mr. A about their Christmas being spent together, "It was my phallic victory!"

He had closed his eyes a little, but Mr. A had thought them as his blinks and they had been mutually pathetic when they had burst into laugh, Old Guy had continued, "Daisy's whimpering, it was a hymn for the Eve, she was flirting with the baubles of Christmas tree, "Don't play with the spectrum!"

I went out the room to bring the swab and sampling spatula from my lab through the ignorant dim corridors, the labyrinth of my building.

On my return, we were naked to celebrate the birth of Christ, of course Daisy trilled more and more whenever I inserted them to her anyway would you like to see our anniversary card?"



**Merry X'mass;**

***This is the day of the New Testament, we are on journey to Bethlehem.***

***Over the summit after the valley, we are once again at the top of the mountain and see the path towards the future, there is the flourishing crops, we may catch the fish in the middle of the course. We are on the camel with the flask of waters hanging from my shoulder, the serpents navigate us to where the Son was born. The snakes live in our heads of Heaven.***

“How would you know about the molecule of ink for each letter, Mr. A? With the pulp structure of paper to find what would be the fibers of cellulose, it is solid, but it may contain soul and stabilize our mind on the lattice structure as a language that is occasionally used to tell a lie, but lies would also involve untold truth as if the children’s warbling, every man was the primitive children.

“Merry X’ mass” M as the mountain range, and the electron determines the way henceforth, can you see the crops? The two “r”s, and the camel as “m” for our move to where there are the two serpents, “s”, “s”. Have we already met at the point of X to return to our home? Follow me to upstairs! I will show you the spectrum of the tablet.”

Unwieldy tanks, thick tubes and screens to complete the perfect Fourier transform as the gas chromatography, would it be for the prohibited destiny, such as some cocaine being brought back to the sea, but the fish wouldn’t snort the saline snow.

“This spectrometer works for almost 100 % of accuracy to the limit, such accuracy is guaranteed only by the figures, as it were, human being has had the sense of arithmetic since they were born. Can you imagine the artificial control of eternity? It is the Epicurean moment.



The exact measurement is resulted in the successful architectural structure for ceiling and ground, it shouldn't cause synergism, but it can be the melliferous synthesis, for example the three runners in a relay run at equal speed, their batons are in each of its color, such that the white to the red and the baton becomes pale pink for the second runner and the next with the blue baton to be violet and so forth."

Mr. A woke up every morning because he lived within the accurate constitution, and after a month, his phone rang, it was from the lab, 'Your honey has been coagulated.'

## <II - Confession>

‘They said that my honey had been coagulated, and I realized that “Cotton Rabbit” would be set underground of desert, we would fire it with the detonator in where would be ninety miles away from our lab. “Cotton Rabbit” was the name for the atomic bomb, it had been dubbed by Mr. B as he explained to me on the car.

“That’s the state of the art bomb, though only six inches long, four point five kilogram, cotton alike with the long eared patches, when it is fired, it leaps upward by the enormous power.

The rabbit is utterly elegant without rotten remains and bones as her radiation is proceeded to break through the final sphere of the Earth’s atmosphere, then what happens? The pierced Earth and leaking gravity, everything in unerring extent is absorbed into space.

There is none as the radioactive destruction except the huge hole on the soil moreover even the contamination can’t be remained.

However, I am second for the rabbit, if I know the rabbit’s husband, I would suggest the cosmic gamma ray to surpass the perfect force.

Can human erase the universe or can we erase the infinite existence of the Earth? Or rather ... Can I swap my wife with the rabbit?’”

Mr. A ceased his word for a moment, it was a cloudy day, if nature also told a lie to veil the affair, since the sunshine would always expose some proclivity.

A table, two chairs and a coffee machine, there was no excess in the room where he was, he rather preferred this void, sorely the reeling noise of the recording machine as if the distant storm, in truth he was under surveillance with the cameras.

‘On my arrival to the lab, I was provided the anti-radiation suit and asked if I was acknowledged how to wear the suit, it was very heavy, but it prohibited the interaction with the floor, I was careful for that.

The one in military uniform with sunglasses led me to the small room and ordered me to wear it in front of him as well as not to show my identity because I was going to be called Mr. A henceforth, and I began, “Mr. A, facing to my north, the mask and gloves to the east, the shoes to the west.” As soon as I covered my face, the one took a pill and promised me, “This will take my memory about your profile.

The whole process is confidential, there will be the three people with you, all of them under the masks shouldn’t talk each other except the necessary case.

Mr. A, you are the driver and the guy on the passenger seat belongs to the equivalent senior rank as you are for this project, he is called Mr. B, and the other two juniors are distinguished as the eleven and the twelve, but they share the code name, being called Thomas.

If the seniors give Thomases any command, both of them or either of them promptly follow as possible.

The three members take sleeping pills except you, and they are not going to awake until you reach the location, the one of them has the detonator that can be handled but a manual.

You can only rely on the sat nav that has already been programmed for the route, if you have any trouble with it, remove the red cap and press “send”, in this case, you should abandon the car as well as divest your suit to leave it, and please forget the project.”

It was one afternoon, there were many pedestrians on the thoroughfare, and the traffic lights never disturbed us for the sat nav, it was a sort of harmony equally I was aware that the people were linked in some sense, interesting to say, the more monotonous accuracy was required on such duty, the more fundamental part of my intuition emerged, you know, the

cities are generally the place as an intersection between the organic air and the flows of people's minds, yet I deliberately avoided intending the passersby whom were before the zebra cross, submissive to the light.

The rare view mirror showed me Thomases' dozes, plunged into the minivan seat, as a matter of fact we, the seniors were distinguished with the badges, I had the shape of alphabet T slanted at right angle by its foot to east whereas for Mr. B whose T had the foot to west.

When we met first, the two juniors declared their identities and shook their hands with us, "Junior eleven, Thomas, good to see you Mr. A and Mr. B!"

I was impressed that the junior eleven was not English native as his accent was slightly encumbered presumably from somewhere in Europe, and the junior twelve had a tanned face amidst the cover, his amiable glimpse, he would be the youngest whether he was a doctor, anyway there was no difficulty to distinguish the juniors.

I remember... There was a market store, it was antiquated... We were born to spend every day, your marriage ceremony and it has the end, your child's birth day and it has also the end, your children end their schools and it is the end, you retire from work consequently you and your wife go shopping there every day, we may call it happiness, our history would be well-nigh the agglomeration of such everyday...

And the store was the border between the city and the portal to the highway, the people were gradually reduced, there was the road sign, the deciduous trees behind, what did it say?

However, we were forwarded by our navigation toward the maroon range of mountains, the road was arid thereafter tranquility was impeded by Mr. B whose glittering pupils, spitting talk, certainly he had got the wrong pill that didn't annoy me as he was verily ingenious, even being felt if all serious matters of science would be for him as though the juvenile amusement, he spoke, "Do you know Old Guy's tablet? Utterly the



superlative chain reaction of efficacies!

I went to Old Guy's lab at the end of last year, I loved the place as I would see Daisy, do you know her?

Twenty-one years old, she is as a white rabbit, a rabbit in a nap as a cotton ball after it ate a carrot, but her face has the burnt blotch approximately three inches from tear duct to jaw. she kept her vivarium."

"Entomology?"

"She nurtured a hive of mosquitos, she fed them with rats, that was almost a prison of the harmful blood donors, the blood is actually distributed by them by means of their saliva to block the hemostasis, it triggers inflammation and itch anyhow the foremost villain is with the fashionable pattern on its body, the lanky legs as a spring coil, never stop its bounce, preying for vertebrates, it is the remarkable metamorphosis from the eggs, which would provoke our panic by the precipitous infestation, Old Guy has ever said once, "Believe me, I have never ever tasted that jars, strawberry or marmalade! She meticulously controls ventilation and temperature every hour in everyday, mosquitoes are the cerebrated creature, they are not easily passed away furthermore they are almost predestined to a moment of death, if there is no sense of suffocation, it is not asphyxia."

On the day, Daisy was not in the building, and Old guy told me to follow him to the basement floor where there would be the radiation for the detailed quantification of his tablet by the magnetic resonance of nuclear, such as Mr. A, you are like me then, and I am as you, but in the end of this project, we become alone and sometimes recall about this project, have you ever thought about the resonance of memory?

Old Guy got down to the lower floor, it was the unoccupied B2 except the narrow iron door that he unlatched, I saw the stark field with the



abandoned bulldozer, and Old Guy, “Here is our landfill, when it rains, the soil is soaked favorably for Daisy’s mosquitoes and their eggs.”

Although we were there awhile, we felt somebodies coming toward us in distant, he asked me to wait for him as he would deal with the uncertain visitors nevertheless I said, “I will be with you.”

Due to the clandestine pursue about the origin of the depressant for his tablet, he would be menaced that would be a war or suspension of trade, though he would be promised for enough reward, his rejection would be adamant.

We hid ourselves in the building, and Old Guy accessed the entry to the lift, it was queer comfort in the confined air whereas the rumbling motor insinuated that it couldn’t be maintained for long until we reached his lab, I was told to prepare for the car, given a handgun from his drawer after all the cricks of our magazines finalized our talk.

I walked through the corridors as if nothing had been happened so far, and if I were to see the visitors on my way, I would maintain our habitual decorum with my right hand in my pocket as well as the safety had already been disengaged, would I sacrifice my leg, involving my nucleus that would be burst, so sad!

However, nobody interrupted me to get on the car and turned the key for the engine, and just after I reversed the vehicle, I heard the pot shots immediately I stomped on the accelerator to the building, my car was screeched, howling abrasive yells of tiers while I realized the shadows with the rifles at the corner, exactly targeting me, how can I be beyond the instinct for survival?

Old Guy stood within my sight, he was as an avian which was about to rise into the sky whether some bullets scratched the bonnet as I skewed, my car was pulled up simultaneously the unidentified saloon that had parked for the timing snatched up Old Guy, crushed into the building well-nigh the seismic tremors, the behemoth flames were roaring, the collapsing hulk!

Consequently the basement floors were buried underneath, sorry for that we can't get the tablet anymore since we have lost Old Guy.

Old Guy was eighty years old and lived with us as if we were differed nothing, in fact our memory has still had his physiognomy, such memory would be the tangent when the time is elapsed, Euclid is so much kind for us..."

The mechanical voice of our sat-nav announced the arrival, our car drew the affordable circle, it was the ditty sensation and the engine came to a halt while I was rather vulnerable for the climax of our conduct, would the camel appear in the desert with the flask of waters as Old Guy had ever told us?

"Junior 11, ready."

"Junior 12, ready."

I was strained to retrieve myself from the unattainable chimera, but my throat was tensed for the command, "Be ready for the devise!"

"Launcher!" Mr. B cut the sharp order.

"Launcher, sir."

It was merely encased in the compact hardshell, consisted of one lever and the four main lamps with the two peripheries in red and green each of its sides, then there was the primary switch to finalize the entire process.

When Mr. B signaled me, I pulled the lever which I was loaded much than the initial assumption, accordingly the icy gleams were triggered by the minor flickering in red and green in order, 1-2-3-4.

Mr. B pressed the switch, it was somewhat incongruous for a deviant moment as if the kid immersed a chunk of fruit into the glass for his joy whereas it envisaged that the nuclear fission would be within four seconds, 4-3-2-1, the predestined end... Nothing happened.

Yes, it meant that we had been there for this mockery, since when?

On our return, nobody uttered a word, silence was sheer inexorable, they folded their arms before the chests, heads back, eyelids were stiffly closed, presumably Mr. B patted my shoulder and impishly crooked his knuckle that bemoaned the fiasco when he left the vehicle, subsequently I was alone in terminus, sunset was simmering in opaque crimson for the finale of a day as if the substantiated lonesome vector.'

'So that...'

The sergeant paused himself in order to smash his cheek that was blemished in dark stain and a vestige of insect on his palm, 'So that...'

'So th...'

'So.....'

'Are you all right, sir?'

To whom was struggled to avoid the imminent paralysis over the ophthalmic dilation and spasmodic inflammation of entire nerve, the gun from the one's trousers with the quivering grip, his action was followed by sorely the pulse of second hand of the clock and the involuntary reaction, Mr. A was completely inert to witness everything within the span as it didn't exist for long even he misunderstood for his sweltering lungs that would be the exploded bullet, the two bodies were laid on the floor. The khaki wallet desisted from the seething gore, it was sprawled next to the demise to put on show the hesitant visage in his white gown on the photo and the signature proved the guy whom had been called Thomas during his life.

### **<III - Epilogue>**

The clear resonance as an echo of the jerked tires that were paltry smoldered by the sandy dust when the engine was stopped, the enchanting gaze from the mask, he had perhaps cured many torments so far, and the other whose bulky parlance was suspended until the final call for 'ready'. The lights systematically lost the incandescence, '4-3-2-1'...



# *(Profile / Sachiko Tamaki)*

May 1975 - Born in Japan.

September 2011 - Stay in Canterbury, Kent, England.

September 2012 - Stay in Ramsgate, Kent, England.

February 2013 - March: During the online course for the short stories, the first drafts of 'Heaven's Breath' and 'Riddle of the Lake' completed.

November 2013: After the first draft of 'Daisy', the research for 'Canopy Of Azure' began, the idea of story gradually formed.

'Academic Essays'/Sachiko Tamaki, published online.

December 2013 - Stay in Bedfordshire, England.

The research for '!?' began, the idea of story gradually formed.



February 2014 - Travel to Switzerland, stay in Geneva and Zürich, visit Jona.

‘The Short Stories (1st Edition)’/Sachiko Tamaki, published online.

May 2014 - Travel to USA, stay in Washington D.C and Maryland.

The reference & material note, the production note for ‘Canopy Of Azure’ completed.

July 2014 - Stay in San Jose, California.

The plot outline for ‘Canopy Of Azure’ completed, the first draft began.

Stay for one week in San Francisco.

August 2014 - Travel to Argentina, stay in Buenos Aires.

The reference & bibliography note for ‘!?’ completed.

September 2014: ‘Canopy Of Azure’/Sachiko Tamaki, published online.

October 2014: The production & material note for ‘!?’ completed.

November 2014: The plot outline for ‘!?’ completed.

The research for ‘The Short Stories 2’ began.

November 2014 - Travel to USA, stay in Los Angeles, California.

December 2014: The first draft of ‘!?’ completed.

‘!?’/Sachiko Tamaki, published online.

January 2015 - Travel to Texas, stay in Huston.

February 2015 - Travel to Switzerland, stay in Zürich.

March 2015: The production & material note, the bibliography, the plot outline for ‘The Short Stories 2’ completed.

April 2015: The first draft of ‘The Short Stories 2’ completed.

‘The Short Stories 2’/Sachiko Tamaki, published online.

The research for ‘Precipice’ began, the idea of story gradually formed.

May 2015 - Travel to USA, stay in Santa Fe, New Mexico, USA.

June 2015 - After staying for a few days in Los Angeles, California, temporal return to Japan.

August 2015 - Travel to Serbia, stay in Belgrade.

September 2015 - Travel to Russia, stay in Moscow.

September 2015 - Travel to USA, stay in Bridgeport,  
West Virginia.

The production & material note for 'Precipice' completed in  
October, the plot outline for 'Precipice' began.

November 2015 - Stay in New York.

The second research for 'Precipice' began.

November 2015 - Stay in Los Angeles, California.

The idea of 'Citadel' gradually formed during the flight to  
Los Angeles while the travel to Romania was planned.

The basic research for 'Citadel' began.

December 2015: The plot outline for 'Precipice' completed.

December 2015 - Travel to Germany, stay in Frankfurt.

The first draft of 'Precipice (II,III)' began.

January 2016: The first draft of 'Precipice (II,III)' completed.

The completion for 'Precipice (II,III)' began.

January 2016 - Stay in München, Germany.

The main research for 'Citadel' began.

February 2016 - Travel to Austria, stay in Vienna.

The completion for 'Precipice (II,III)' finished.

March 2016 - Travel to Romania, stay in Bucharest,  
visit Snagovului.

The first draft of 'Precipice (I)' began.

The first draft and completion for 'Precipice (I)' completed.

'Precipice' processed for publishing.

April 2016 - Stay in Alba Iulia in Romania, visit Sighișoara.

'Precipice'/Sachiko Tamaki, published online.

April 2016 - Stay in Brașov, Romania, visit Bran.

The production note for 'Citadel' began.

April 2016 - Travel to USA, stay in Compton, California.

May 2016 - Temporal return to Japan.

July 2016 - Travel to Russia, stay in St.Petersburg.

August 2016 - Travel to France, stay in Paris.

August 2016 - Travel to Hungary, stay in Budapest, visit Eger, Margaret Island, Miskolk, Ràckeve, Visegrád.

October 2016 - Travel to Romania, stay in Sibiu, visit Făgăraș, Hunedoara, Sibot.

November 2016 - Stay in Brașov, Romania, visit Arges, Miercurea Ciuc, Râșnov, Târgoviște.

January 2017 - Travel to Turkey, stay in Istanbul.

February 2017 - Travel to USA, stay in Sandston, Virginia.

The production note for 'Citadel' completed.

The second research for 'Citadel' and the plot outline for 'Citadel' began.

The first draft of plot outline for 'Citadel' completed in April.

April 2017 - Travel to Germany, stay in Nuremberg.

The second draft of plot outline for 'Citadel' began.

May 2017 - Stay in Berlin.

The second draft of plot outline for 'Citadel' completed in June.



July 2017 - Travel to Croatia, stay in Zagreb, visit Split, Dubrovnik.

The first draft of 'Citadel' began.

September 2017 - Travel to Ecuador, stay in Quito.

November 2017 - Travel to USA, stay in Jackson, Mississippi.

January 2018 - Stay in Chicago, Illinois.

February 2018 - Travel to Portugal, stay in Lisbon.

February 2018 - Temporal return to Japan.

March 2018 - Travel to Spain, stay in Madrid.

March 2018 - Travel to Portugal, stay in Sintra and Lisbon.

April 2018 - Travel to Romania, stay in Bucharest, visit Târgoviște.

May 2018 - Travel to Chile, stay in Santiago.

July 2018 - Travel to Columbia, stay in Bogotá.

September 2018 - Travel to USA, stay in Lexington and Georgetown, Kentucky.

November 2018 - Stay in Atlanta, Georgia, USA.

November 2018 - Travel to Italy, stay in Rome, visit Lazzo, Vatican City.

December 2018 - Stay in Pompeii, visit Ercolano, Naples, Torre de Greco.

January 2019 - Travel to Germany, stay in München, Babenhausen and Berlin.

January 2019 - Travel to Moldova, stay in Chişinău, visit Soroca.

March 2019 - Travel to Serbia, stay in Belgrade.

May 2019 - Travel to Panama, stay in Panama City.

The first draft of 'Citadel' completed on 1st June, the completion for 'Citadel' began.

July 2019 - Travel to USA, stay in Birmingham, Alabama.

August 2019 - Travel to Italy, stay in Venice and Florence.

September 2019 - Travel to Romania, stay in Iași,  
visit Suceava, Putna.

‘Citadel’/Sachiko Tamaki, published on 24th October in Iași.

‘The Short Stories (2nd Edition)’ began for new publishing.

November 2019 - Travel to Bosnia and Herzegovina, stay in  
Sarajevo.

‘The Short Stories (2nd Edition)’/Sachiko Tamaki, published on  
1st December in Sarajevo.

## **(Published Books)**

\* ‘Academic Essays’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2013)

\* ‘The Short Stories (1st Edition)’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2014)

‘Heaven’s Breath’ ‘Riddle of the Lake’ ‘Daisy’

\* ‘Canopy Of Azure’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2014)

\* ‘!?’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2014)

\* ‘The Short Stories 2’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2015) ‘The Village’

‘The Fossil’ ‘∞’

\* ‘Precipice’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2016)

\* ‘Citadel’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2019)

\* ‘The Short Stories (2nd Edition)’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2019)



